THAIR CACHE TOWN.

is an apparition or an accident.

I entirely forget the name of the opera, what it was about and who sang in it; but I know it was the first I ever saw—if, indeed, I can be said to have seen it. At all events I was present at the performance, and the evening and its occurrences are indelibly stamped on my memory. I was seventeen, thoroughly unmusical, but possessed of a keen sense of enjoyment, and the scene, looked upon for the first time in my life, delighted me. The fair faces, the gorgeous tollets, the hum of voices, the light, the movement, all combined to quicken the beat of my pulse and make me feel giddy and light-headed. The curtain went up, and after the first few minutes I began to be bored. It was a heavy opera, so I was told, with no "airs" in it and full of loud, deafening choruses. It seemed to me there was nothing but choruses—choruses of monks, and soldiers, and village maidens, and peasants, and the noise wearied me.

I did not understand the plot, and

noise wearied me.

I did not understand the plot, and turned to the speciators for amusement. Opposite to us, in a box immediately facing ours, sat a couple whose appearance arrested my attention. I could not see the lady's face, for it was turned away from me to the stage; but in her hair was a diamond comb of quaint design that took my fancy. Against the smooth, dark tresses the stones sparkled and glittered as in a setting of onyx. It was a warm evening, but she kept her brocade cloak of a curious shade of flose du Barri pink shot with gold wrapped closely around of a curious shade of Rose du Barri pink shot with gold wrapped closely around her. She had no bouquet, but in front of her, on a ledge of the box, was an enormous black feather fan, mounted in tortoiseshell. Her companion—a slight man with a pale olive complexion and dark beard streaked with gray—had a face that interested me strangely. It wore such a weary expression—more weary, perhaps, than actually sad. He looked like a man who at some time or other during his life had made an effort beyond his strength and had never recovered the exertion. Like me, he did not appear to be interested in the story of "Berna." I do not think he turned his eyes once toward the stage. He seemed to be simply staring into vacancy.

The noise went on. The peasants re-tired; and, after a short love scene be-tween the hero and the heroine, a band of soldiers came on and sang to some very loud music. I leaned back in my seat. My head was beginning to ache and my

I closed them, simply for a few minutes' rest, When I opened them they seemed to light naturally on my opposite neighbor, and I started as I noticed the changed aspect of the box. The lady had evidently thrown of the box. The lady had evidently thrown off her cloak and had come more forward. Her eyes were no longer fixed on the stage. They were turned toward me. And what different eyes they were from those I thought she would possess. They were soft and round and as blue as nemophila, and were veiled by lashes very little darker than her hair, which could scarcely be termed golden, it was so fair. How could I have believed her to be a brunette? She must have been seated in the shade when I first saw her, and had since emerged into the light. She had moved her fan, and in its place lay a bouquet of mauve and white its place iny a bouquet of mauve and white primulas. A small bunch of the same flowers was pinned into her simple high white dress at the throat, and another showed among the loosely coiled tresses of her hair.

"It cannot be the same woman," I said to myself; "and yet my eyes were not closed for more than a minute or two, I am certain. There could not have been time—and—yet—" The irritating accompainment to the "recitative," the perfunc of my chaperone-hostess' bouquet, the effort to explain the mystery, the unusualness of the scene and the exhausted state of the air, all combined to recover a construction of the construction of t all combined to produce an overpowering effect on my brain. I closed my eyes again effect on my brain. I closed my eyes again and was very pearly asiecp—not quite, I amcertain—whenatouch from Mrs. Waldo's fan, and the sound of a light, unfamiliar laugh, recasled me to myself and to a con-aciousness of my duty.

The first act had come to an end, and a gentleman had just entered our lox to pay his respects to my chaperon, who forthwith latroduced as "Mr. Venning, Miss Linthrop." I have and felt very sheepish. I had literally been cought napping. Mrs. Waldo's explanation was not soothing. 'Miss Linthrop is unaccustomed to lat

son, and her very first opera. I wish for her sake that it had been a more amusing one. Valezzi has etearly mistaken his vo-cation. He must never attempt another opera, must he? This one is deplorably dull."

wasn't bored, although she might have been a little sleepy."

"I was not at all bored," I replied, and then, going straight to the point, as has ever been my wont, I continued: "Who are the people—the lady and gentleman in the apposite box—the lady with—" "With the primulas," I was going to say. But, lot they had vanished, and so had she; and in her place sat the tall, dark woman in the pink brocade cloak, with the diamonds in

ber bair.

"The lady with the magnificent cloak?"
aid Mr. Venning, interrogatively. "That said Mr. Venning, interrogatively. "That is therhoress Kurz, and that is her husband with ber, or, rather, he was with her a moment ago, but, as you see, he has just left the box,"

"Who is Baron Kurz?" asked Mrs. Wai
"My dear child, what nonsense. You were dreaming, of course. Hush. Wemust the box,"

And the curtain rose upon Act. 11. "The lady with the magnificent cloak." Bard Mr. Venning, interrogatively. "That B flaroness Kurz, and that is ber husband with ber, or, rather, he was with her a mo-

## EXPERTS AT CHEMISTRY. Bermans Lead the World in the Mysti-cism of the Laboratory.

"Made in Germany" is now the recognized bademark for chemicals throughout the world. The dyes and by-products derived from coal tar have become a classical instance, or, as Bacon would have said, a glarng example. As we have stated, the fatherlanders have captured these trades from us. Go to Elberfield and what do we see? At the Farbenfabriken, besides first-class works, we are shown a laborathe business there are sixty high-class phemists. In the Badische Anilin und Sodafabrik seventy-eight chemists are en-

gaged.
An expert witness told the Gresham commission that six skilled chemists was the mission that six skilled chemists was the maximum number employed in any English color works, if, indeed, there was so many. These men are unccasingly active in research. The price to pay for progress is eternal vigilance. Every hint from England, France, America or Italy is tried, every new material tested, every hopeful process patented. The great works at Hochst made in 1890 from 1,700 to 1,800 colors; they employed 3,000 hands, eventy chemists and tweive engineers. A firm in Offenbach with 300 workers had forty-five investigators.

forty-five investigators.

The lesson that has been driven home in the fatherland is that industrial precesses carried upon a large scale give great chances for discovery. Just as gasmaking gave aniline, so the soap-boilers' lye yielded lodine, the waste of sail gardens bromine, the mother liquor from the springs caesium and rubidium, the mines and metallurgical works gailium and gerald manufacturing and gerald gardens when the springs caesium and rubidium, the mines and metallurgical works gailium and gerald gardens and metallurgical works gailium and gerald gardens. and metallurgical works gallium and ger-manium. Therefore the "chemiker" on the other side of the Rhine is always looking

other side of the Rhine is always looking out for something new.

He found it in the benzidine and azo dyes, the former giving Congo red and chrysamin, "the most important discovery of modern times so far as cotton-dyeing is concerned." In short, as Dr. Ostwaid has said, it is now a firm article of belief that "the secret of German industrial chemistry is the recognition that science is the best practice." In England, it is greatly to be beared, there still lingers faith in "the rule.

HE following story is true in all essential particulars, though, of course, names have been altered. Experts in "psychical research" "Only partly 16.," replied Mr. Veuning. "He is the son of a Regictingman who made as good deal or money in Chifornia, and I believe his mother was a Pole. He was brought it know it was the first I ever saw—if, indeed, I can be said to have seen it, danghter of Lady. Jane Charlcote."

ways fancy. She was a Miss Charleote, a daughter of Lady Jane Charleote."

"But who was the other fady in the box?" I inquired cageris; "the lady with the primulas."

"There was no other lady in Kurz's box tonight, Miss Limitrop. You must have been looking at some other box."

looking at some other box."

Mrs. Waldo laughed. "My young friend has been dreaming, Mr. Venning."

I scorned the imputation, but they would not believe me, and they were still laughing when the door opened and old Lord Saintsbury peeped in.

"Very merry here."
"My driend, Miss Liminrop, declares that she has seen a lady with primulas is her hair—such a terrible decoration—scated in Baron Kurz's box this evening," said Mrs. Waldo, in her lond, clear, penetrating voice, that carried farther than any voice I have ever heard.

ever heard.

I noticed a shade flit across Lord Saints-bury's face. He turned his head sharply and glanced, back. Then, stepping quickly into the box, he shat the door behind him.

"Why so mysterious?" asked Mrs. Waldo,

why so mysterious?" asked Mrs. Waldo, musing.

"Kurtz was just behind me. Hemust have heard what you said." And the old gentleman looked genuinely distressed.

"But why not?" We were only laughing at my young friend here. Are you going, Mr. Venning?"

I began to be afraid that I had made a goose of mystelf. And Lord Saintshere, was goose of mystelf.

I began to be afraid that I had made a goese of myself. And Lord Saintsbury was lookin so solemn. Perhaps that was because he was in the ministry.

"Mrs. Waldo," he began, as soon as Mr. Venning had disappeared, "don't repeat that little stofy about—the—the lady with the primulas. It—"

"My dear Lord Saintsbury, why mayn't I? I love a little anecdote, and this is such a thrilling one."
"But you would not like to cause pain, I

"And you think Miss Linthrop so very chaff?"

chaff?"

"It is not on her account that I am speaking. Yof may or may not hive heard that Miss Charleote was not Kurz's first wife. No? Well, she was not. His first wife was a girl of the people—some said a nursemant, some a peasant. It really doesn't signify which: At all events, she was neither a lady by birth nor a person of education. After a time, he grew tired of her. His father died, and he came into her. His father died, and he came into money. He began to go in for society. He met Miss Charloste. One night—it was at the Grand opera in Paris—she wasseated for some time in Lady Jane Chemoto show. His wife was alone in the loge opposite. What she saw or thought J don't know; but when he returned to her she complained of feeling very fired, and he suggested that they should go home. She fainted on the staircase and was carried into their

that they should go home. She fainted on the staircase and was carried into their brougham. That same night she died. It was very sudden and rather mysterious." "Good gracious! Diff anyone suspect the baron of taxing poisoned his wife?" "Not that I know of. But they did say that his neglect had broken her heart. But to come to the point of my story. The first Buroness Korz-Rosine-was a fair, blue-eyed woman, with a passion for primulas. In Paris, where she had no acquaintances and was only known by sight, and by many people was not supposed to be Kurz's wife, she always went by the name of 'the lady with the primulas.' That is why I was startled and upset by what you told me. That was why I was distressed that the flower should have been mentioned in Kurz's hearing—for hear I am sure he did." It was my turn to feel distressed-distressed, but at the same time vivilly interested. I was just roing to ask Lord Saintshury whether he had ever known Rosine personally, when Mr. Venning reappeared; and at the same moment I noticed that while we had been discussing the first Baroness Kurz, her successor had disappeared from the opposite box—had left the house, probably, I thought, bored by the dullness of Act I.

"Such an awful thing has happened!" Mr. Venning's face was pale, and his voice."

"Such an awful thing has happened!"
Mr. Venning's face was pale, and his voice sounded low and hearse. "Kurz has fallen down dead—just outside the omnibus box."
"Good gracious, how dreadful! But very likely he has only fainted."
Mr. Venning shook his head. "Cleveland

Mr. Venning shook his head. "Cleveland met him looking very ghastly-you know 'Are you ill, Kurz!' And the asked him,
'Are you ill, Kurz!' And the other just
stared at him and muttered. 'True, true,
She has come for me, 'and fell back dead.''
I started to my feet. "Mrs Waldo, I
must go home-please-let me. Don't you
come-bat.—"

"My dear child!"—and her voice sounded a shade finftler and louder even than usual —"don't make a scene, please." Our vis-itor had vanished at the bare mention of

itor had vanished at the bare mention of such a possibility, ever dreaded and held in abborrence by the sterner sex.

"But I cannot stay. Didn't you hear? He is dead."

Mrs. Waldo stared at me with a look of derision on her handsome face. "But you did not know him. It is not customary for young ladies to make seenes over the death of a man they never knew; such things are not done." not done."
"Ah, but you don't understand. I saw

WUNKS FROM ASIA.

### They Have the Body of a Dog and the Face of a Bear

St. Paul Ploneer Press Jay Sedgwick of the tax department of the Northern Pacific road of Tacoma was in the city resterday en route to New York, and had with him a couple of animals beonging to the canine species, the like of which has not been before seen on the continent of North America. Be held them in chains, though the beasts were entirely inoffensive, and he would not lose sight of them, for they were rare enough to be taken cars of

continent of North America. He held them in chains, though the heasts were entirely inoffensive, and he would not loss sight of them, for they were rare enough to be taken care of.

They were "wunks," a species of dog peculiar to the interior of the continent of Asia, and the first of their kind ever brought from Hong Kong on the Northern Pacific steamship Victoria, by Capt. John Panton, and arrived in Tacoma a week ago last Saturday. Mr. Sedgwick was taking them East with him for presents to his sister and mother, who live in the neighborhood of New York city.

The animats are peculiar in that they have faces of bears and the body of the common dog. One was entirely black, and the color extended to his mouth, his tongue being as black as though dipped in an ink well. The other was whilish. The animals looked like very woolly Spilz dogs, and were entirely domesticated. They are to the Tartars what the colley is to the shepherd of Scotland. Of peculiar interest are they for the Northwest, because their kind have sacrificed their coats for many years to make the dogskin coats that have been so much used in the Northwest during the last half decade.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Bob takes his

Love's Metamorphosia.

It is easy enough to tell a man by his friends, but it is impossible to tell a woman by her admirers with whom she associates. One reason for this is that a min usually shows himself to his fellows to lerow how he shows himself to a woman, so long as to he is in love with her. In that blissful condition the rude, off-hand man of business becomes to his loved one a picture of chunsy secures; the coward is capable of feats of valor from which a French cuirassier would shrink; the mean, tradesmanly person will stop before the shops of jewelers, hesitate, and at last enter; the rake will honestly regret the hearts he believes that he has broken, and, for the moment, steadfastly purpose to lead a new life.

## BOB, THE PET OF THE FOURTH

Bob is the pet dog of the Fourth police precinct, and as fair minded dog as ever barked at men scarce half made up, or loath-

barked at men scarce half made up, or loathed a cat.

The police of the Fourth precinct are loyal to Boband the District Commissioners in the order named.

Often, while the men, wrapped in a fleecy shroud of smoke are gathered around the card table in the squad room, the question arises whether Bob or Mohl is of the greater importance in the Fourth. Those who have the interest of that section at heart sometimes give Bob the decision. There has never times give Bob the decision. There has never been any doubt in Bob's mind on this question of relative importance. Bob feels that the Fourth precinct would fall into disuse or be-come a lost art were it not for the service which he renders.

Of course, Bob looks upon Lieut. Vernon with a certain degree of consideration, but

Of course, Bob looks upon Lieut. Vernon with a certain degree of consideration, but then Bob has served with the lieutenant so long that Bob's eyes no longer shine with the emergid hue of cavy.

Bob is a police dog in weather fair and foul. Were all policemen as devoted to their duty as Bob, the practice of "boadling" would crumble to decay, the tramp of "Oh! Gums" would never echo through the midnight shades, and "Uncle Isaac's" occupation would be gone.

This is Bob's introduction to newspaper fame. Bob never was a display dog. He

fame. Bob never was a display dog. He has been understood to say that he "don't go it strong on show."

IS A DOG OF DISCRETION. Bob was never stage-struck, and never Bob was never stage-struck, and never played any role in a bench show. He has been always superior to these systems of gaining notoriety. Bob never made a ridiculous arrest. Bob never made a ridiculous arrest. Bob never arrested a man who had slipped on a banana skin and charged him with obstructing the sidewalk. Bob, notwithstanding his police onnections, is a pious dog. He rarely barks louder than a hymn, and visits every church in the precinct on Sunday. Bob will not listen to profanity either from the police or their prisoners. A reporter once leaned against the golden rail and spoke in the language of the newspaper office, when Bob promptly made a hydrophobine objection.

Once when a colored preacher was ar-rested for disturbing the peace on Sunday, he prayed in his cell till it was time to go to

GUESSING LUNCHEON. An Amusing Entertainment Devised

by a Clever Hostess. Like the Athenians of old, the cry of the modern housekeeper, on hospitable thoughts intent, is stift for something new? Perhaps the next best thing to a novelty is the adaptation of an old idea to a new form. We have all heard of evening entertainments where the guests masqueraded in such wise as to suggest the titles of books for the mystification of their fellows—but invitations were recently issued for a luncheon which contained by way of postscript the request that each lady should wear some trifle about her that might recall the work of a well known author, and that they should "guess each other."

As soon as a hostess can enlist the cooperation of her guests the success of an entertainment is assured, and the ladies arrived on the day named, wearing an expression of animated interest quite different to the ordinary conventional society smile. Like the Athenians of old, the cry of

smile.

Wits were set to work at once at sight of a friend wearing a small gold padlock bound about her head (Locke on the Human Understanding), while a third wore the unusual decoration on her gown of a pair of side counts, sewed on a bit of cardboard, just as they had come from the shop

board, just as they had come from the shop (The Newcombs).

Two chestnuss suspended at the side of one of the guests expressed in the stang of the day, "Twice Told Tales," by Hawthorne. A match safe, representing a chick just stepping from the egg, did duty for "Innocents Abroad." A card, upon which were glued two nickel 5 cent pieces—the one one followed by "8" and the second by a "R." was intended to suggest "Nicholas Nickelby." while the word "because," written in large characters upon a slip of paper, worn like a badge, was cynically designed for "A Woman's Reason."

At each place was a tiny book, with pencil attached, containing the menu. The

At each place was a tiny book, with pencial attached, containing the menu. The cover served the purpose of guest-card-each name prefaced by the words "The Wit and Wisdom of —," while upon the blank pages the ladies were to write their guesses. The most successful received a prize of a book about bocks, entitled "The Book Lover," by Baldwin.

Small, square chocolate bonbons were encased in colored papers representing miniature French novels (to be found at many of the leading confectioners'). The candle shades were of purchasent, upon each side

## WEALTHY, YET A SHOPLIFTER

Gertrude Nelson, a rich partition, will be released from Blackwell's ..... . ........................ to-lay at 9 o'clock. The Nelson woman same her arrest has been a mystery to the police and prison authorities.

cions had been correct. She was arraigned in Jefferson Market court and held in \$1,000 bail for trial. When asked if she had any she was the wife of a wealthy New Yorker, and that she would make the firm pay for her imprisonment. While awaiting trial, she entered suit against the firm for several thousand dollars' damages for false im

woman promptly gave ball in the sum of \$1,000 forher appearance. Shedid not give real estate ball, but placed \$1,000 in cash in the hands of the city chamberlain for her appearance. Shortly after her release on bail she was again arrested in Macy's, where she was detected in the act of stealing articles worth a few dollars. When searched a lot of small goods were found concealed in the folds of her dress, and under the stylish cape she was wearing She again gave bail for her appearance on the second charge, and stood trial in the court of special sessions. She was fined \$100 in this court, or thirty days in the city prison. She refused to pay the

There she was a mystery. While pos-sessed of over \$1,200 in cash, and a bank book showing a good sum in the Dry Dock Bank, she made no attempt to have other than the regular prison fare. In the thirty days she served, she was a terror to the prison authorities, and almost ruled the division in which she was confined. On the

New York Jour.

Last April a flashily dressed woman was taken in custody in Ehrich Bros.' dry goods store on the suspicion of being a shoplifter.
When scarched, articles were found upon her that showed that the detective's suspifriends she said she had, and declared that her arrest was a mistake. She claimed that prisonment.
The grand jury indicted her, and the

fine, and served thirty days in the Tombs.

WAS a full-fledged M.D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.

I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate; and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare and took in my shingle, for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there, only, if you think animals can't show gratitude and arfection, perhaps you'll change your mind.

When I had been in practice a year or two f sent for my brother, Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals, and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it, and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

The next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'dbeendown there once or twice to his own stable, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was:

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once."

had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was:

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once."

Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go and go we did. When we got out of the cars Barnum himself was there, with a splendid pair of matched grays. Heeyed me very dubiously.

"I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow," he said in a discouraged tone. "I'm afraid you can't help her."

His distrust put me on my mettle.

afraid you can't help her."
His distrust pat ine on my mettle.
"Mr. Barnuin," said I, getting into the carriage, "If It comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help means." He laughed outright, and began telling me

how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild

was in intense agony and annot with pain.

Long before we reached the inclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeding, and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb miser) in her looks—poor thing.

Even Dick qualled now.

"You can never get near her," he whis-

"You can never get near her," he whis-pered. "She'll kill you, sure." Her keeper divined what he said. "Don't you be afraid, sir," he called out to me. "Hebe's got sense." I took my box of instruments from Mr.

THE HORSE SHOW.

HE band was playing merrily, not

Square garden arena. The music was al-

of the crowd as it tramped, a circle within

and the high-barred rail.

noisily-it was too far away for

# Frateful Patient

"I like your pluck, my boy," he said, heartily, but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast. The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt, to my horror, a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's, but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness. "She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"She's only curling your hair," sung out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I, by way of repty.

He said a few words in some lingo, which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness:

"Cut away!"

The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, quite unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten per-ceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration came out all over me.

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call "Cut away!" came again the encourage

This stroke did the work. The abcess was lauced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my bair reliaved, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well,

grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business and picked up me and my toois; I was as limp as a rag.

It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Rarnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient. "Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me. "Come in and see her; she'll be glad to see you."

"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I

"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent.

There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me inever. For a moment she looked at me in-differently, then stendily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk and laid its caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair-how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the solver truth!

"Oh, look at that beautiful horse! Did that-high up where the great bows of lights stretched over the Madison most inaudible at times in the master sound

"Why are you not more courteous to think you don't care—don't care whether I-"

a circle, around and around and around the wood-paved promenade between the boxes "Whether you what?"
"Whether I love you or not."
"On, you dear, silly, old goose!"
"Then you do care, just a little?" It was a happy crowd, pleased with itself, a trifle vain, perhaps, glad it was so well dressed, so good looking, so much to be admired; and it laughed and chatted

"Why, of course I do—but don't, Burt; you are hurting my hand."
The jumping contests provoked no end of interest and applause. There was always a sign of relief when a hunter took the bars, with a clean four inches to spare, and even those in the lower boxes were amused. in a great attempt at unconcern.

Now and then over its dainty bonpets and shiny top hats could be seen a resisting, haughty head, with flattened ears, flashing eyes, wide nostrils, and white-flecked, bitted mouth-then an-"Yes, Count, my daughter is dearly devoted to horses; aren't you, Minna?" "Yes, mamma."
"And she rides like a centurion; don't you, Minna?"
"Yes, mamma." other-and another-and still another, accompanied by the quick, nervous beat of hoofs and the sharp cries of grooms-a minute or two later the clapping of hands, the flashing past of a

ing at his bridle-and then a bugle call somewhere echoing back from the lightstudded girders overhead. The crowd noted all this in a halfinterested sort of way-some of its com-ponent parts noted little else, but the

horse, with a bit of blue ribbon flutter-

There was much doffing of hats and dear, pretty smiles of greeting galore, There was shaking of hands—a little of it and very high-and everybody was so glad everybody else was there, and was so glad everybody ease was there, and would it quite as jolly as last year, and would they be there tomorrow to see my, your, his, her, their, our hackney, cob, pony, high stepper win the blue ribbon? Over this moving throng presided the

box holders, who divided their time be-tween the stream below and the incidents of the tan bark oval. Here sat a matron with great puff sleeves, looking like a contof-arms, with two slender daughters as supporters; there one pretty, bewitchingly pretty, creation talked to three men beside her and two who stood at the front rail of her box; beyond, a bored pair, husband and wife, doubtless, seeing no one, hearing no sound, doing nothing. It was happier in the pronenade. And as one stood at the edge of the moving circle one's cars caught words, phrases changes. caught words, phrases, clauses, sentences.

"So awfully jolly to find you here this cluster of dark roses and an algrette at the consect of tark roses and an algrette at the back—of your sister, who is—such a fine cross-country beast—to be eternally tak-ing off one's hat—and mixing it with an equal amount of chopped feed—which makes the dearest sort of a jacket for-exercise in taking five-barred gates-and, although in taking five-barred gates—and, although poor as a church mouse, she is—fully fifteen hands high—and father says we are going to Europe—in a new-fangled box stall with—that awful man we saw at Narragansett—with dark biae body and yellow running gear—two cocktalls, a gin fizz, a whisky sour—and a park policeman who rode up in the nick of time—by putting three flounces of lace down the side—where the rouge is so painfully apparent that—her brother, our little dinner last night, and the roses you wore were—cart horses compared with—the dark-haired girl whose munt hunts her you were were—cart horses compared with
—the dark-haired girl whose aunt hunts her
all the time—in light harness and a road
wagon with mustaches waxed like a French
general—who once paid \$8,000 for that
little mare—and everyone thought he would
surely marry her—but such is—what is called
a flea-bitten gray, not a pretty color, but
big item when one has—gone lame in a
hind leg from poor shocing—while he was
talking to you just now—"

But up among the boxes talking was
much more of a possibility and one could see
the borses so much better.

"Look, there is Jack Richards. I hope
be comes to our box."

"For me to crush back the memory
of those years. When you married him
you told me—"

"Please don't look at me in that
way.")

"For bot for you I do not know what I should
do. (Please don't look at me in that
way.")

"Fos, but—— Why do you recall that
to me? We are such good friends now,
Archie. Do not spoil it all."

"How easily you talk of friendship,
Ellen. As if that were—
"Hash! not so load, Archie. Friendship should mean so much to us. If in
the past, our past, Archie, there was
something more, do you not see how impossible it is now for——"

"For me to crush back the memory
of those years. When you married him
you told me—"

"Please don't look at me in that
way.")

"Hos arily you talk of friendship,
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the past, our past, Archie, there was
something more, do you not see how impossible it is now for——"

"For me to crush back the memory
of those years. When you married him
you told me—"

"Please don't; I was a weak, foolish

"That's always the way. You know I want to be alone here with you for a moment. The others will be back. Why do you.—"

"Yes, here he comes.

How do you do, Jack?"

"Hello. Jolly good crowd here, eh?"

"Yes lots of people I know-but you know Mr. Marsden, Jack, don't you?" "Ah, Marsden; didn't recognize you for the minute."
"How do?"

my friend? I like Jack ever so much-and I've known him lots longer than I have you. You sat there like a graven image, and—"
"Well, I don'tlike you to talk to other men in that familiar way. I really don't, Bess."

"Oh, look at that beautiful norse! Did did you ever see such a beauty?"
"No. Bess; listen to me. I sometimes I shall run in on you in a day or two. Good-bye, Marsden."
"G'-by."

"Ah, mon Dieu, eet ees ze one sing for which I wait all ze lifetime, to see your charmante daughtaire ride ze back of ze horse. You will ride wiz me, ma'm'seller" "Yes, mamma—I mean count."

"To be sure she will count, and she will wear the new habit I bought her in Parce. I paid—how much was it, Minna?—700 fronks."

"My dear daughter learned to speak French so beautifully during the two weeks we were in Parce, count; don't you Minna?"

"Say, 'key ay loin dees you ay loin de cur,' for the count."
"Key ay loin dees you ay loin de cur, count."

"Ah. ciel! Quelle prononciation! You have vainca la langue Francaise. After zis you should spick nozzing eise but him. Ma chere, ma mselle, I shail choose to lairn from ze lips of you ze mestairees of ze beautiful language of my Patrie. I har nevaire haird such spick before."

"Ah, count, you are so good to cast such pearls before my daughter. Thank him, Minna." "Thanks, count."

"Non, say so, I pay but ze tree-bute due ze queen from hair bumble-most slave. My enside heart will be

when I go back to in belle France."

"Why, count, you're surely not thinking of dusting—of leaving this country, I mean?"

"Non, not unteel aftaire ze summaire. Zat ees ze time ze fair Americaines are like as ze papillions."

"Pap—; there's some French for you, Minna. The count knows you speak it as

well. What is pap- pap--? "Zat is ze buttaire--" "Zat is ze buttaire—"
"Butter, mamma."
"— flies."
"F-flies, mamma."
"See, count, what apitude, what knowledge of the insectivora of France my daughter, bas."

ter has."
"Out eet ecs almost beyond me, mad-ame." Some of the boxes were almost de-serted, their owners away visiting the neighboring boxes, and here and there two or three adjoining boxes were vacant-

"I tried so hard to get Robert to come with me this afternoon; he stays at home so much; comes from the office tired out, and then sits up half the night reading of working over chess problems. If it were not for you I do not know what I should do. (Please don't look at me in that way.")

"Please don't; I was a weak, foolish

"Please don't: I was a weak, foolish woman then—"
"Yes, and you chose rather to give him your hand—your soft, young hand, when—"
"Robert is very good to me."
"Good to you, yes, good to you. And is that all a wife should ask of her husband, all a husband should yield her?"
"You must not talk so, Archie. Remember, your words may be overheard. It would—why, here's Robert! What in the world induced you to come, Robert?"
And when the last hoof had clattered.

"How do?"

"Jack, you bad, bad boy; you have been to see me but once this week. Have you forgotten all our dear little confidences, our platonics, Jack? Have you gone over entirely to—to—shall I spare you, Jack? You know the one I mean?

"No. Don't spare me; spare her. She doesn't care one bit for poor me. Indeed, she doesn't."

"Tut, tut, Jack; I'm jealous."

"No.—are you? You need not be. It's all over—but, joking aside, is your brother here? Yes? Well, I must run away. We have a dinner on for tomorrow. Good-bye

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A CROWD.



court. This is the only instance where Bob is known to have neglected his duty. He would stand in front of the cell of that old preacher and could not be driven away. Sometimes, even now, when that par-ticular ceil is vacant (No. 3, right side of cell room), Bob will shut himself in and lie

Bob's ancestry is an uncertain as that of Bob's ancestry is an uncertain as that of some of our best families. Bob never speaks to anybody about his pedigrec. He has never been known to tell a lie about the past grandeur of his family. The only coat-of-arms that Bob affects is license tag No. 3443 and a shield of the Metropolitan police force, which he once chawed off a condemned belt. He wears these articles around his neck, and always brightens them with his tongue and forefeet before going on duty. Each morning before roll call Bob makes his tollet, using his tongue call Bob makes his tollet, using his tongue for a wash-rag, his salivary glands for a bath-tub and the hot air heater for a towel.

PATROL HORSE HIS CHUM. The patrol horse, Bay Frank, who occupies straw carpeted apartments in the back yard of the station, and who is one of the leading borses of Washington, is a personal friend of Bob's. Bob calls on Frank at meal time, and if there is any complaint about fodder, chop or mash, Bob instantly reports to beak Servesan.

Bob instantly reports to Desk Sergeant There is one feature of life at the po-lice station to which Bob has never be-come reconciled. This is Tom, the sta-tion cat. Tom is all right in his way, but he is a cat, proud of his race, and jealous of his rights. The police department has never been able to get hold of enough potash to make these instances of oil and water

wer since.

HE DOES THE ROUTINE.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Bob takes his stand on the extreme left of the rear section of the platoon going out. The sergeant calls the roil, each policeman shonting "Here." The last name on the roil-call is "Bob." The dog barks at once in imitation of the word "here." The platoon remains motionless till the sergeant reads the orders, and commands "dismissed."

The platoon faces to the left, the first section filing out followed by the second section. Bobs brings up the rear. He does not attend any particular policeman. He then makes a tour of duty, visiting each beat and all the call boxes in the precinet, and turning up at some box on the hour, so that the peliceman turning in may shout thrigh the 'phone "Bob," and the deak ser want, may be many squares away, shouts be. 2 "Bob, O. K."

of which was written in letters of red, blue and gold a quotation in praise of books, easily decipherable when thrown into prominence by the light behind. Emerson was quoted as saying: "In the highest civilization, the book is still the highest delight." Wordsworth's convictions: "Round books with lendrils strong as flesh and blood, our pastime and our happiness will grow," and Gibbons' enthusiastic testimony. "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life," were rend in "illuminated" characters.

Reference has recently been made in these columns to the significant increase in the columns to the significant increase in the American production of the precious metal. In a single year the gold production in the United States has advanced from a little over \$40,000,000 to about \$53,000,000. Five years ago the entire world's production of gold was only \$118,900,000, or only a fraction more than twice the product of this country alone last year. In Australia, also, it is certain that with the development of the new Coolgardie fields the product in 1896 will be far beyond any previous Australian record. In Alaska and in Northwest Canada new and rich fields may be opened up any day.

Poison rings, during the twelfth, thir-teenth and fourteenth centuries, were very common in Italy. The bezel of the ring was a hollow cup, opened by a spring, and

designed to contain a quantity of poison to be used either for suicide of nurder. Where Kiss Means for Bliss.

"Kiss" is not a sweet word in all languages. When the Bey of Junis makes a horizontal motion with Te right hand open, saying "kiss" at The same time, it is equivalent to a death lentence. The word has no other significance in Arabian.

Performers Caused a Panic. "Several persons were crushed to death last night at the performance of the Ama-teur Greasepaint Company."

"No, just getting away from the per-ormers."-Chicago Record.



tenced to thirty days in the penitentiary.

From the time she was arrested until she was sent to the penitentiary she em-ployed six lawyers, among whom were Ed-

mund E. Price, James Purdy and William Steel Gray. Before one was aware of it she had engaged the other. She paid all lib-erally for the slight service they rendered and abused them all when she was con-On Christmas eve she was taken to the

penitentiary. When asked if she had any valuables, she said, "Well, rather," and tossed over a black bag containing her bank book. \$862 in cash, several diamond rings, and other articles of jewciry, valued in all at about \$3,000. When her clothing was changed to prison garments, she made an appeal to be allowed to keep her fine silk underwear, stating that she had not been used to wearing cotton garments. During her thirty days in the peni he has not received or written any letters and has refused to say anything about her-self. Ten days ago she refused to cat the prison fare or to touch food bf any kind. She became so weak that a City Hospital

physician was called in. He said she would that she would die. She resisted all at-tempts to force food down her throat, and as a last resort her mouth was pried open, a tube inserted and liquid nourishment ad-ministered. After being fed in this manner for several days, she agreed to eat, and has for the last two days taken her food regu-Gertrude Nelson, according to the Tombs missionaries, who have succeeded in getting

something out of her, is a notorious Eng-lish thief, who has been in prison before. She came here from Kansas, and claims

to have married a wealthy New Yorker

lifting. In appearance she is rather pre-possessing, being a blonde, with short, curly hair and a round, full face. Her features, while not regular, are strong. During her stay in the Tombs she fre-quently boasted of her friends, and, while they were never seen, some person of means several times sent her baskets of expensive fruit. When asked where she got her money she said that it was a wed-ding present from her bugband. When ar-rested at first she gave ber address as No. 200 Lexington avenue. She, however, has

Rubber Fish Worms.

The latest triumph of Yankee inventive genius is an Indiarubber fish-worm. It is said to be a remarkably good imitattion of the common earthworm, is indestructible, and in actual use proves as alluring to the fishes as the genuine article.

Had a Place for Hosen.

Dean Hole, in his "Little Tour in America," gives the following good story, which was picked up at an entertainment given in his honor by the Lotus Club of New York. The qualintest story of the evening was told by Dr. Greer, of a tedious, monotonous preacher, who had exhausted the patience of his hearers by an elaborate dissertation on the four greater prophets, and when, to their sad disgust, he passed on to the minor and asked, "And now, my brethren, where shall we place Hosea?" a man rose from the congregation and made answer, "You can place him here, sir. I'm off."